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NO 36

1/-

LONE COMMANDO



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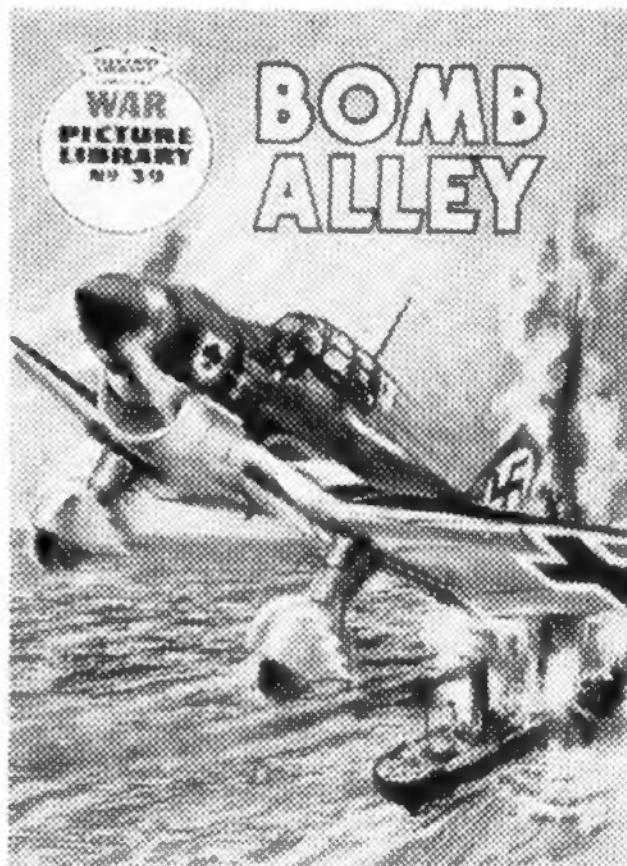
WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 37—FIRE ONE



The tiny mosquito force of torpedo boats struck devastatingly from out of the darkness with gun and torpedo. For how long could they elude the vengeance of their powerful and savage foe?

No. 39—BOMB ALLEY



The enemy-infested skies rained a torrent of high explosives upon the gallant little ships as they fought through to beleaguered Cos with vital men and munitions. Not a man flinched throughout that ordeal whether he sailed in warship or tramp steamer.

ALSO ON SALE NOW :—

No. 38—DESERT PATROL

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** titles on sale March 7th. are :—

No. 40—PATHFINDER

**No. 41—RED CROSS OF
COURAGE**

No. 42—PHANTOM FORCE FIVE

**No. 43—THREE . . . TWO . . .
ONE . . . ZERO !**

LONE COMMANDO

IT WAS ON APRIL 9TH., 1940, THAT WAR SUDDENLY STRUCK NORWAY. IN THE HALF LIGHT OF THE EARLY MORNING, SMALL FORCES OF GERMAN SHOCK TROOPS SEIZED THE NORWEGIAN PORTS. AT THE SAME TIME, GERMAN TROOPSHIPS AND CRUISERS WERE MOVING IN TOWARDS OSLO. BY THE LATE AFTERNOON OF THAT FATEFUL DAY, OSLO WAS IN GERMAN HANDS...



DESPERATE APPEALS FROM THE NORWEGIANS BROUGHT AN ILL-SPARED FORCE OF BRITISH TROOPS TO THEIR AID, BUT THEY COULD DO LITTLE AGAINST THE MIGHT OF THE WEHRMACHT AND THE LUFTWAFFE. BY THE END OF APRIL, 1940, THE WHOLE OF NORWAY FELL UNDER THE HEEL OF THE NAZI JACKBOOT...

Chapter 1. PERILOUS REHEARSAL

ALTHOUGH THE BRITISH ARMY WERE DRIVEN OUT OF EUROPE, THIS DID NOT MEAN THAT BRITAIN WAS DEFEATED. WHILE HER ARMIES WERE BEING REBUILT, THE COMMANDO FORCES WERE FORMED—SMALL UNITS OF TOUGH AND DARING MEN, SKILLED IN ALL THE ARTS OF WAR, AND TRAINED TO STRIKE SWIFTLY WHERE THEY WERE LEAST EXPECTED....



IT WAS EARLY 1942 WHEN PLANS WERE LAID FOR A COMMANDO ATTACK ON NORWAY. THIS ATTACK WAS TO SERVE TWO PURPOSES—TO TEST THE STRENGTH OF GERMAN DEFENCES, AND ALSO TO ANNIHILATE A CERTAIN RADAR POST WHICH WAS AN IMPORTANT LINK IN THE ENEMIES' NORTH ATLANTIC RADAR SYSTEM...





Lone Commando

AFTER THE CONFERENCE, BRIGADIER JOHNSON HAD AN INFORMAL CHAT WITH JANSEN AND FAIRWEATHER....



ENCOURAGED BY THE BRIGADIER, JANSEN GAVE A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF HIS ESCAPE FROM OCCUPIED NORWAY...



JANSEN TOLD HOW HE AND A SMALL BAND OF FREE NORWEGIANS, AFTER FIGHTING A DESPERATE REARGUARD ACTION AGAINST THE ADVANCING GERMAN ARMY, WERE PINNED DOWN AT THE HEAD OF HJORL FIORD...



A SMALL BOAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR THEM BUT THEY FOUND THAT IT HAD SLIPPED ITS MOORINGS AND WAS DRIFTING FAR OUT IN THE ICY WATERS. SO JANSEN AND HIS MEN, THEIR ESCAPE CUT OFF, FOUGHT THEIR LAST ACTION...

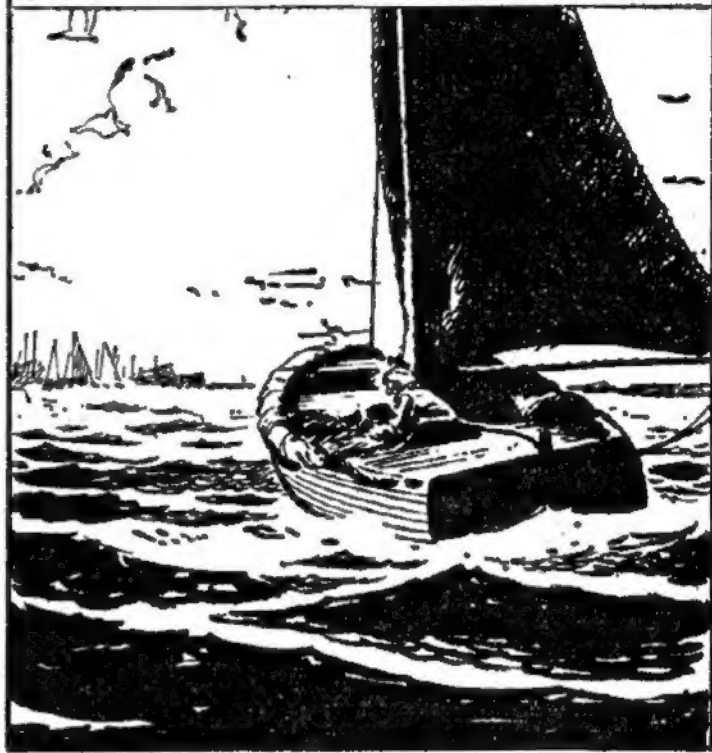


Lone Commando

ONLY JANSEN SURVIVED. SHAMMING DEATH, HE LAY, WOUNDED IN THE SHOULDER, AMONG THE BODIES OF HIS COMRADES UNTIL THE GERMAN PATROL HAD WITHDRAWN. THEN, PLUNGING INTO THE BITTERLY COLD WATERS, HE STRUCK OUT TOWARDS THE OPPOSITE SHORE, WHERE THE BOAT HAD NOW GROUNDLED.



WOUNDED AND ALONE, JANSEN MANAGED TO SAIL THE BOAT UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS OUT OF THE FIORD INTO THE OPEN SEA. FIVE DAYS LATER, KEPT ALIVE ONLY BY HIS INDOMITABLE WILL TO SURVIVE, HE REACHED THE SHORES OF SCOTLAND—AND FREEDOM...



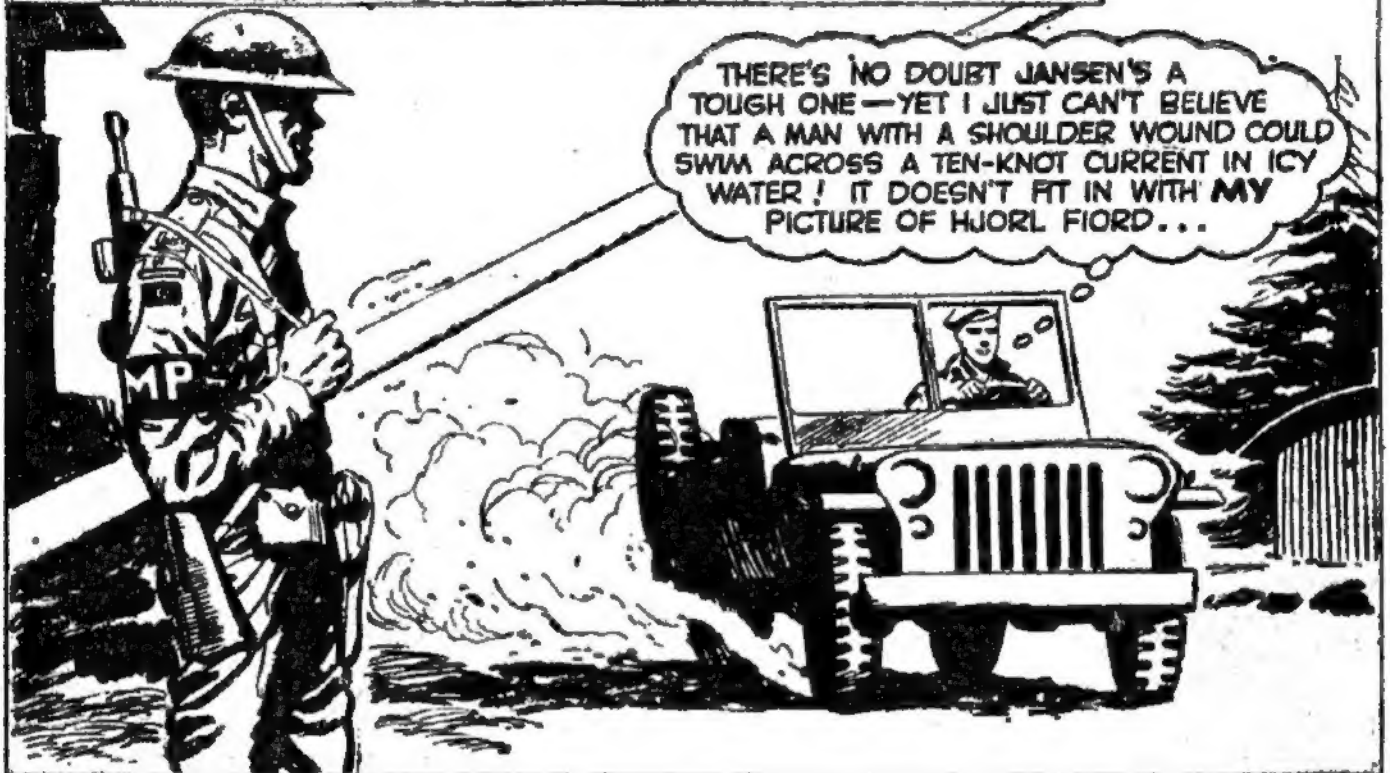
MIKE FAIRWEATHER HAD BEEN LISTENING WITH GREAT INTEREST AS THE NORWEGIAN TOLD THE STORY OF HIS GREAT ESCAPE...



YOU KNOW, MAJOR JANSEN, YOU MUST BE A TREMENDOUSLY POWERFUL SWIMMER! THE LAST TIME I WAS IN HJØRL FIORD, I HAD THE DICKENS OF A JOB CUTTING ACROSS THE CURRENT, EVEN IN A BOAT! THE CURRENT WAS OFFSHORE, AND MUST HAVE BEEN RUNNING AT ABOUT TEN KNOTS!

WHEN YOU ARE DESPERATE, CAPTAIN, YOU WILL DO ANYTHING TO SURVIVE!

THE CONVERSATION TURNED BACK TO THE DETAILS OF THE COMING OPERATION. IT WAS AGREED THAT JANSEN WOULD ARRIVE AT THE COMMANDO TRAINING CAMP IN THREE DAYS' TIME TO SUPERVISE THE FINAL REHEARSAL. AS MIKE FAIRWEATHER DROVE AWAY FROM STAFF H.Q. HE FOUND HIS MIND RETURNING TO THE NORWEGIAN'S STORY.



LATER, JANSEN TOOK LEAVE OF BRIGADIER JOHNSON...



Lone Commando

THE COMMANDO BASE WAS SITUATED ON A DESOLATE PART OF THE NORTH-EAST SCOTTISH COAST. WHEN JANSEN TURNED UP THERE FOR THE DRESS-REHEARSAL OF OPERATION 'VIKING' HE FOUND FAIRWEATHER WAITING...



WELL, SIR—EVERYTHING SET! SUBJECT TO YOUR APPROVAL, I WILL COMMAND THE FIRST WAVE IN LANDING-CRAFT 'A' AND YOU WILL FOLLOW ME UP IN 'B'. THE CLIFFS AT KINEFF, A FEW MILES FROM HERE, ARE AS NEAR AS WE CAN GET TO THE REAL THING...

YOU SEEM TO HAVE IT ALL CUT AND DRIED, CAPTAIN—WE'LL SEE HOW IT WORKS OUT!

TWO HOURS LATER, THE DESTROYER APPROACHED THE COASTAL SECTOR CHOSEN FOR THE EXERCISE...



THOSE ARE THE BEACHES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE CLIFF — I THINK YOU'LL AGREE THAT IT'S VERY LIKE THE SET-UP IN HJØRL FIORD! WITH YOUR PERMISSION, SIR, I'LL GO IN ON THE LEFT, AND YOU ON THE RIGHT...

I THINK THAT WILL DO, CAPTAIN FAIRWEATHER — BUT FROM NOW ON, YOU'D BETTER LEAVE THE REST OF THE PLANNING TO ME...

MIKE'S LANDING CRAFT WAS THE FIRST TO GO IN...

THIS IS GOING TO BE AS NEAR THE REAL THING AS WE CAN POSSIBLY MAKE IT! WE'VE BUILT A HUT ON THE CLIFF TOPS WHICH IS A REPLICA OF THE GERMAN RADAR STATION—AND THE 'ENEMY' WHO ARE DEFENDING IT WILL BE USING LIVE AMMUNITION—SO YOU KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU GET UP THERE!

DON'T YOU WORRY, SIR—AFTER OUR USUAL ASSAULT COURSE THIS SORT OF THING IS A PIECE OF CAKE!

WITH MIKE IN THE LEAD, THE FIRST COMMANDO FORCE WAS ALREADY ASHORE AND CRAWLING LIKE FLIES UP THE DANGEROUS CLIFF FACE AS JANSEN'S LANDING CRAFT GROUNDED ON THE OTHER BEACH.

CAPTAIN FAIRWEATHER'S MEN AREN'T WASTING ANY TIME, SIR!

KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR JOB, SERGEANT—AND GET OVER TO THAT CLIFF-FACE DOUBLE-QUICK! THIS IS WAR—NOT A GAME!



AS FAIRWEATHER AND HIS SERGEANT
CLIMBED OVER THE CLIFF TOP, THEY
WERE IMMEDIATELY PINNED DOWN BY
'HOSTILE' FIRE.....



THESE
BLIGHTERS
MEAN BUSINESS,
SIR...

WE'RE NOT HERE
FOR OUR HEALTH, SERGEANT
— COVER ME WITH SMALL ARMS
FIRE WHILE I GO AHEAD TO
SET UP A MORTAR !

FARTHER ALONG THE CLIFF FACE
JANSEN AND HIS MEN WERE COMING
OVER THE TOP. WITH PRACTISED
SKILL, MIKE SLITHERED FORWARD
THROUGH THE WIRY GRASS, LUGGING
A MORTAR WITH HIM. HE WAS WITHIN
FIFTY YARDS OF THE 'ENEMY'
EMPLACEMENT WHEN...



A GRENADE !

WITH LIGHTNING PRESENCE OF MIND, MIKE WHIPPED OFF HIS STEEL HELMET AND SLAMMED IT OVER THE GRENADE, THEN FLUNG HIS FULL WEIGHT ON TOP...



BY HIS SWIFT ACTION THE COMMANDO CAPTAIN HAD SAVED HIMSELF FROM INSTANT DEATH. HE WAS STILL RECOVERING FROM CONCUSSION WHEN A FIGURE SUDDENLY APPEARED AT THE POINT FROM WHICH THE GRENADE HAD COME.



THE CONCERN IN JANSEN'S VOICE WEAKENED MIKE FAIRWEATHER'S IMMEDIATE ASSUMPTION THAT THE NORWEGIAN HAD FLUNG THE GRENADE.

LATER ...

DRINK THIS UP, FAIRWEATHER—YOU'LL FEEL BETTER FOR IT! IT'S BEEN A FINE SHOW—IF THE MEN CAN DO AS WELL IN NORWAY, THE OPERATION WILL BE A WALKOVER!

I'D LIKE TO GET THE MAN WHO THREW THAT GRENADE...



JANSEN MOVED AWAY TO ORGANISE THE WITHDRAWAL...

AND I'M ALMOST CERTAIN IT WAS YOU, JANSEN! WHAT I CAN'T FATHOM IS—WHY YOU SHOULD WANT TO KILL ME....?



NEXT DAY, JANSEN AND FAIRWEATHER WERE CALLED TO EDINBURGH, WHERE BRIGADIER JOHNSON WENT INTO CONFERENCE WITH THEM OVER THE FINAL DETAILS FOR OPERATION 'VIKING'....

THE DESTROYER WILL BE STANDING OFFSHORE UNTIL ONE HOUR BEFORE DAWN—SO THAT GIVES YOU THREE HOURS TO CARRY OUT OPERATION 'VIKING! YOU MUST BE ON THE WAY BACK IN YOUR LANDING CRAFT BEFORE 0-FOUR HUNDRED, OTHERWISE YOU'LL BE LEFT BEHIND...

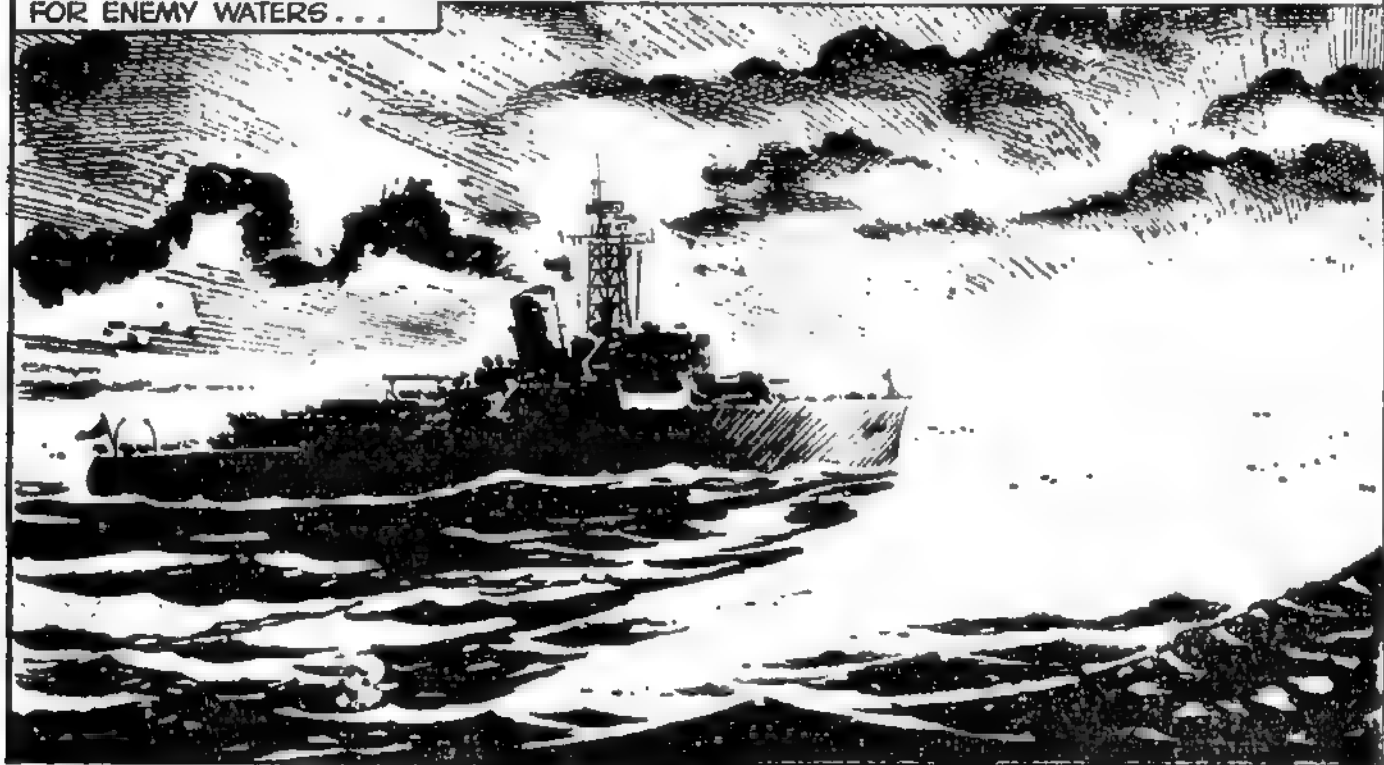
APART FROM ACCIDENTS TO LANDING-CRAFT, IT SHOULD BE QUITE STRAIGHTFORWARD, SIR!

FAIRWEATHER AND I WILL BE IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH OUR WIRELESS, SIR—AND IN AN EMERGENCY WE CAN CALL UP THE DESTROYER DIRECT!



Chapter 2. OPERATION VIKING

AND SO IT WAS THAT TWO NIGHTS LATER THE TASK FORCE KNOWN AS 'VIKING' SET SAIL FOR ENEMY WATERS...



IT WAS MIDNIGHT WHEN THE DESTROYER HOVE TO — AND JANSEN RAPPED OUT HIS FINAL ORDERS IN AN UNDERTONE AS THE MEN MOVED SILENTLY, FACES BLACKENED, INTO THE LANDING CRAFT...

YOU MUST REMAIN
ABSOLUTELY QUIET—WE
ARE ONLY THREE MILES OFF
SHORE, AND SOUND CARRIES
OVER SEA AT NIGHT! YOU ALL
KNOW WHAT TO DO—
SO LET'S GET GOING!

LANDING CRAFT
READY TO CAST OFF,
SIR!



JANSEN HAD A LAST WORD FOR MIKE BEFORE EMBARKING...

GET THIS QUITE STRAIGHT, FAIRWEATHER—
I AM IN COMMAND OF THIS OPERATION!
YOU WILL OBEY MY ORDERS,
NO MATTER WHAT
THEY ARE!

BUT OF COURSE,
SIR—I DON'T QUESTION
YOUR AUTHORITY...

MINUTES LATER, FAIRWEATHER'S CRAFT WAS
STEADILY PULLING AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS
THROUGH CHOPPY MINE-INFESTED WATERS.

THIS IS THE BIT
I HATE, SIR—THE
WAITING!

EVERYTHING'S IN
OUR FAVOUR, SERGEANT—
THE WEATHER—THE DARKNESS—
THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!

MIKE'S LANDING CRAFT APPROACHED THE MOUTH OF THE FIORD...

TAKE THIS DEAD SLOW, HELMSMAN—
WE'LL BE MOVING IN BETWEEN SHEER
CLIFFS, AND THE LEAST SOUND WILL
ECHO LIKE THUNDER!

AYE, AYE,
SIR—ENGINES
DEAD SLOW!

ROLLING GENTLY ON THE SLOW SWELL, THE CLUMSY LANDING CRAFT
PLOUGHED CAUTIOUSLY ON THROUGH THE STARLESS DARKNESS, WITH
NO SOUND BUT THE MUFFLED THROB OF THE ENGINES AND THE
LAPPING OF WAVES AGAINST THE STEEL HULL...

HULLO, REDHEAD—
THIS IS ROLF! WHAT
IS YOUR POSITION
...OVER!

NO LIGHTS
ANYWHERE, SIR—
THAT'S A GOOD
SIGN!

THAT'S MAJOR JANSEN CALLING,
SERGEANT... HULLO, ROLF, THIS IS
REDHEAD! I TOOK A COURSE FROM THE
FIORD ENTRANCE — IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT WE'VE
COME ABOUT TWO MILES, AND THE BEACH
SHOULD BE FIVE HUNDRED YARDS TWO
POINTS OVER ON THE PORT BOW — OVER!

THE CRACKLING OF MIKE'S RADIO REPLY HAD JUST DIED ON THE
ETHER WHEN SUDDENLY A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM CUT THE DARKNESS
LIKE A KNIFE. IN AN INSTANT, FAIRWEATHER'S CRAFT WAS
CAUGHT IN ITS GLARE...

HELMSMAN—
FULL SPEED
AHEAD!



STANDING UPRIGHT IN THE STERN WITH LEVELLED BREN GUN, MIKE FAIRWEATHER SENT A CHATTERING BURST OF FIRE UP THE SEARCHLIGHT BEAM...



AYE, AYE, SIR!

AS THE BULLETS RIPPED ALONG THE BEAM, THE SEARCHLIGHT WINKED OUT. BUT THE GERMAN DEFENCES HAD MARKED THEIR TARGET — AND MACHINE GUNS HAMMERED FROM THE FIORD CLIFFSIDES, BEATING A STACCATO TATTOO ON THE ARMoured HULL. NEW SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS SPRUNG INTO LIFE FROM SEVERAL POINTS...



OKAY, SIR — REDHEAD TO ROLF, REDHEAD TO ROLF...

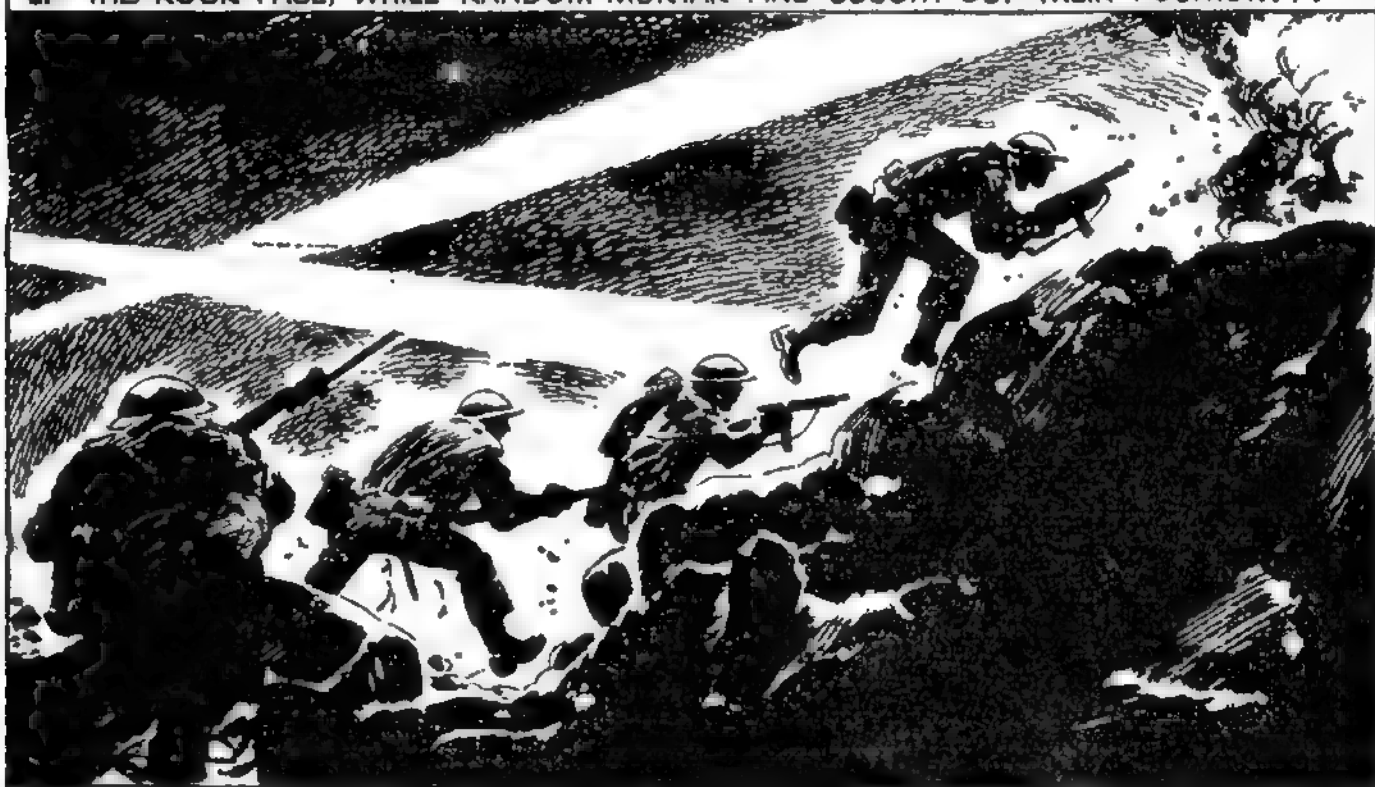
CUTTING SHARPLY ACROSS THE FIORD, MIKE RAN THE LANDING CRAFT AGROUND ON A SHINGLE BEACH. BEHIND THEM, SEARCHLIGHTS AND MACHINE-GUN FIRE LACED TO AND FRO ACROSS THE WATER....

THE HUN'S
USING FLARES NOW—
WE'LL BE PICKED OFF LIKE
SITTING DUCKS! EVERYBODY
UP THAT CLIFF-FACE,
DOUBLE-QUICK!

NO ANSWER
FROM ROLF,
SIR...



SHELTERED BY THE GULLIES OF THE CLIFF, MIKE AND HIS MEN CLAMBERED UP THE ROCK FACE, WHILE RANDOM MORTAR FIRE SOUGHT OUT THEIR POSITION...



SCRAMBLING OVER THE CLIFF EDGE, FAIRWEATHER LOOKED BACK ACROSS THE FIORD—AND SAW SEARCHLIGHTS SUDDENLY CONE JANSEN'S CRAFT AS IT DROVE IN TO THE BEACH.

LOOK, SIR—IT'S ROLF! THEY'VE PINNED HIM FAIR AND SQUARE!

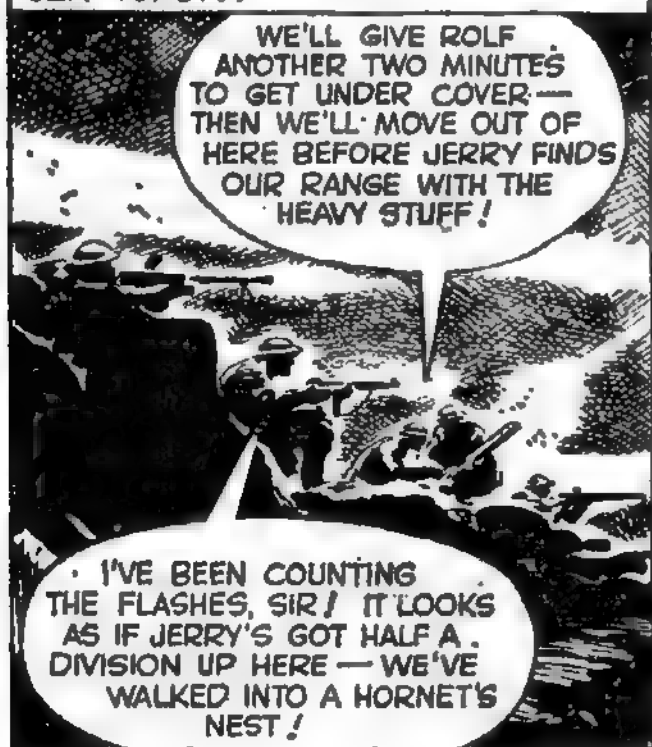
BY THE SIZE OF THOSE SHELL-BURSTS, JERRY'S USING BIGGER STUFF THAN MORTARS! INTELLIGENCE SAID THE AREA WAS CLEAR! THEY'VE BOOBED BADLY—OR THERE'S BEEN A SECURITY LEAK! GIVE ROLF EVERY OUNCE OF COVERING FIRE WE CAN MUSTER!



MEANWHILE, ON THE BEACH-HEAD, JANSEN'S COMMANDO FORCE WAS RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.....



FROM THEIR VANTAGE POINT ON THE CLIFF TOP, MIKE'S FORCE DIRECTED ACCURATE FIRE WITH BREN GUNS AND MORTARS ON TO THE BRIEF FLASHES OF LIGHT WHICH MARKED THE GERMAN STRONGPOINTS ON THE OPPOSING CLIFF TOPS...



MEANWHILE, JANSEN'S FORCE HAD ASSAILED THE FIRST OBSTACLE — THE CLIFFS — ONLY TO BE CUT DOWN AS THEY EMERGED. OVER THE TOP OF THE PRECIPICE, SHELTERING IN A GULLY, JANSEN AND TWO WOUNDED MEN LAY LOW...



BEFORE JANSEN COULD REPLY, THE GERMAN MORTARS HAD FOUND MIKE'S POSITION—AND THE COMMANDO CAPTAIN ORDERED HIS MEN FORWARD TOWARDS THE HILL, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF WHICH LAY TARGET 'VIKING'—THE GERMAN RADAR STATION.



COME ON, LADS!
SERGEANT—GET THE MEN
MOVING! WE'LL HALT BEFORE THE
BROW OF THE HILL, AND CALL
MAJOR JANSEN AGAIN, SO THAT
WE CAN SYNCHRONIZE
OUR ATTACK!

BUT JANSEN WAS CALLING OFF THE ATTACK.

CORPORAL—GET
THOSE MEN DOWN THE
CLIFF WHILE I CALL UP
FAIRWEATHER! HULLO, REDHEAD—
RETREAT BACK TO THE LANDING
CRAFT, AND DON'T LOSE
ANY TIME—OVER!

HULLO, ROLF!
RETREAT BLAZES!
WE'RE JUST ABOVE
THE RADAR STATION
NOW, SO WE'RE
GOING IN TO
ATTACK!

THE THICK-
HEADED, STUBBORN
IDIOT!

MIKE FAIRWEATHER, BELIEVING HIS
COMMANDING OFFICER TO BE A COWARD,
SHOOK WITH RAGE, AND WAS SEIZED
WITH A DETERMINATION TO CARRY OUT
THE OPERATION AT ALL COSTS....

HULLO, REDHEAD
I SAID RETREAT TO
THE BOAT—AND THAT
IS AN ORDER—REPEAT
ORDER! OVER...

HULLO, ROLF!
RETREAT IF YOU
LIKE—BUT WE'RE
GOING ON, ORDERS
OR NO ORDERS—
OVER!



MIKE FAIRWEATHER SENT HIS SERGEANT AND TWO MEN TO RECONNOITRE FROM THE BROW OF THE HILL, WHILE HE TRAINED HIS NIGHT BINOCULARS ON JANSEN'S LANDING BEACH. HE SAW JANSEN AND HIS REMAINING MEN STAGGER INTO THEIR LANDING CRAFT UNDER A HAIL OF FIRE....



GREAT SCOTT—
THERE'S ONLY FOUR
OF THEM / THE REST
HAVE BEEN WIPED
OUT!

YOU'D BETTER
COME UP, SIR—
THERE'S TROUBLE
OVER THE HILL—
BIG TROUBLE!

THE SERGEANT WAS RIGHT ABOUT TROUBLE—A STRONG GERMAN PATROL WAS ADVANCING UP THE HILLSIDE, AND IN THE LIGHT OF FLARES, MIKE SAW THE FIGURES FLIT FROM COVER TO COVER AS THEY MOVED INEXORABLY IN FOR THE KILL...



THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY OUT OF THIS
SITUATION, AND THAT'S
TO ATTACK! UP AND
AT 'EM, LADS!

CHARGING DOWN THE DARK HILLSIDE, THE COMMANDOS WENT INTO THE ATTACK— AND THEY WERE MASTERS AT HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING....



SUCH WAS THE FURY OF THE COMMANDO ONSLAUGHT THAT THE GERMAN PATROL SCATTERED IN DISORDER. MIKE, FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY HIS SERGEANT, FOUND HIMSELF WITHIN FIFTY YARDS OF THE RADAR POST...

WE WON'T HAVE TIME TO KNOCK THE POST OUT THOROUGHLY, SERGEANT—BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO SOME DAMAGE! USE YOUR GRENADES!

RIGHT, SIR!



WITH A MIGHTY SWING OF HIS ARM, MIKE HURLED A MILLS BOMB FIFTY YARDS ON TO THE ROOF OF THE RADAR POST. AS THE FLASH OF THE EXPLOSION SEARED THE DARKNESS, THE OTHER COMMANDOS FOLLOWED SUIT—AND THE GERMAN DETECTOR STATION ERUPTED IN A SEA OF FLAME...



WE'VE DONE THE
JOB WE CAME TO DO—
NOW LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!

BUT THEIR ESCAPE WAS NOW CUT OFF ON ALL SIDES.

WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT BACK TO THE
LANDING CRAFT, SIR—I
RECKON THE JERRIES HAVE
NOW GOT AT LEAST TWO
HUNDRED MEN ON THE HILLTOP
—WE CAN'T FIGHT OUR WAY
THROUGH THAT!



THEN THERE'S NOTHING
FOR IT, SERGEANT, WE'VE GOT
TO GO INLAND! THAT'S THE LAST
DIRECTION THE HUN WILL EXPECT
US TO TAKE!

CRAWLING ACROSS THE BULLET-SCARRED ROCKS, THE COMMANDOS EDGED THEIR WAY ROUND THE RADAR POST WHILE THE GERMAN NET CLOSED IN...



SEE THE DARK MASS IN THE BACKGROUND, SERGEANT? IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, THAT'S ONE OF THE FOOTHILLS OF A MOUNTAIN CHAIN WHICH LEADS TO THE INTERIOR! WE'RE GOING UP THAT CLIFF FACE—IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT...

IT MAY BE THE ONLY WAY OUT, SIR — BUT I THINK WE'RE BUYING A ONE-WAY TICKET!

IN THE CONFUSED FLARE-STUDDED DARKNESS, THE COMMANDOS SLID LIKE WRAITHS FROM ONE SHELTERED SPOT TO ANOTHER—UNTIL THE CEASELESS CRACKLE OF THE GERMAN SMALL ARMS FIRE FELL GRADUALLY BEHIND. AT LAST THE CLIFF FACE ROSE BEFORE THEM LIKE A WALL...



IF A SEARCHLIGHT PICKS US OUT NOW, WE'LL BE CAUGHT LIKE FLIES ON A FLYPAPER!

THE JERRIES DON'T KNOW WE'VE SLIPPED THEM — THEY'LL SHOOT AT EACH OTHER FOR HOURS, THINKING IT'S US...

DAWN FOUND MIKE FAIRWEATHER AND HIS SMALL COMMANDO FORCE HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN...

THE MEN ARE FAIR DONE, SIR — EVEN FOR COMMANDOS THAT WAS A GRIM BIT OF MOUNTAINEERING!



WE'LL HAVE A TEN MINUTE REST — I'LL MAKE A QUICK RECONNOITRE TO ENSURE THE COAST'S CLEAR!

BUT THE GERMANS HAD PICKED UP THE TRAIL. FROM A VANTAGE POINT ON A SLAB OF ROCK OVERLOOKING THE PRECIPICE, THE COMMANDO SAW A PATROL FAR BELOW ON THE LOWER SLOPES...

THEY'RE NOT WASTING MUCH TIME — BUT I RECKON WE'VE GOT A TWO-HOUR START ON THEM... IF WE KEEP IT UP WE MAY SHAKE THEM OFF...



IT WAS NOT A SINGLE PATROL, HOWEVER, BUT THE RESOURCES OF THE WEHRMACHT — AND AS FAIRWEATHER LED HIS MEN ON UP THE TRACKLESS SLOPES...

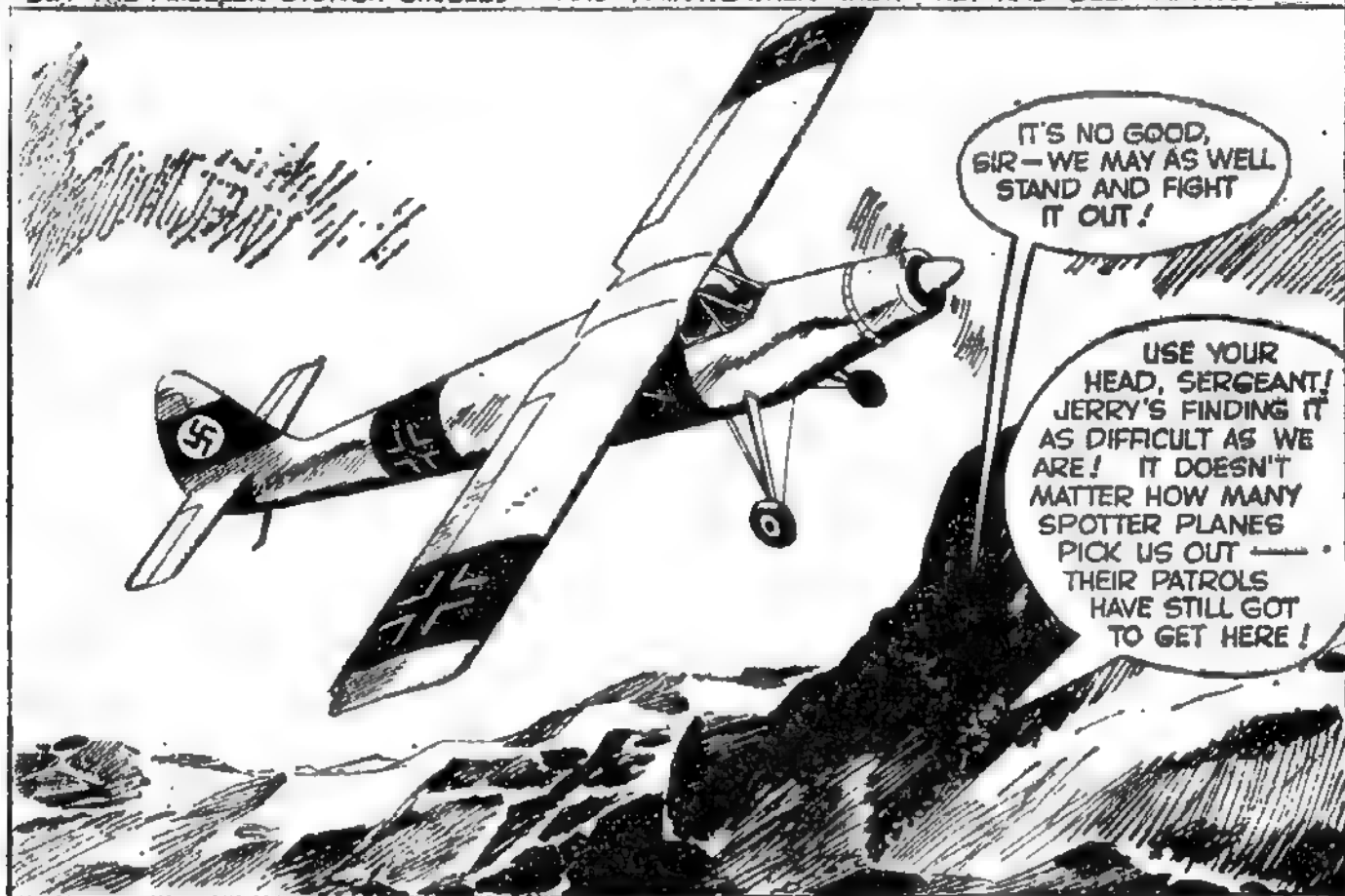
LOOK, SIR — A JERRY SPOTTER PLANE!

DISPERSE! — AND KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN!



Lone Commando

BUT THE FEISLER STORCH CIRCLED — AND FAIRWEATHER KNEW THEY HAD BEEN SEEN...



IT'S NO GOOD, SIR — WE MAY AS WELL STAND AND FIGHT IT OUT!

USE YOUR HEAD, SERGEANT! JERRY'S FINDING IT AS DIFFICULT AS WE ARE! IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW MANY SPOTTER PLANES PICK US OUT — THEIR PATROLS HAVE STILL GOT TO GET HERE!

WITH THEIR OFFICER URGING THEM ON, THE COMMANDOS PLODDED UPWARD — AND THEN SUDDENLY...



LOOK — THEY'VE GOT IN FRONT OF US! WHAT DID I TELL YOU, SIR?

WAIT — THAT ISN'T A JERRY!

Chapter 3. MYSTERY OF CYCLOPS

CAPTAIN MIKE FAIRWEATHER SUDDENLY SAW THAT HIS FORCE WAS SURROUNDED BY A STRANGE BAND OF MEN WITH LEVELLED AUTOMATIC WEAPONS —



Lone Commando

AN HOUR LATER, IN A MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT, THE COMMANDOS MET THE RESISTANCE LEADER...



MEANWHILE, IN THE GERMAN WEHRMACHT H.Q., THE SITUATION WAS ALSO BEING DISCUSSED....



IN THE MOUNTAINS, GERMAN PATROLS SOUGHT VAINLY FOR TRACES OF THE VANISHED BRITISH FORCE...

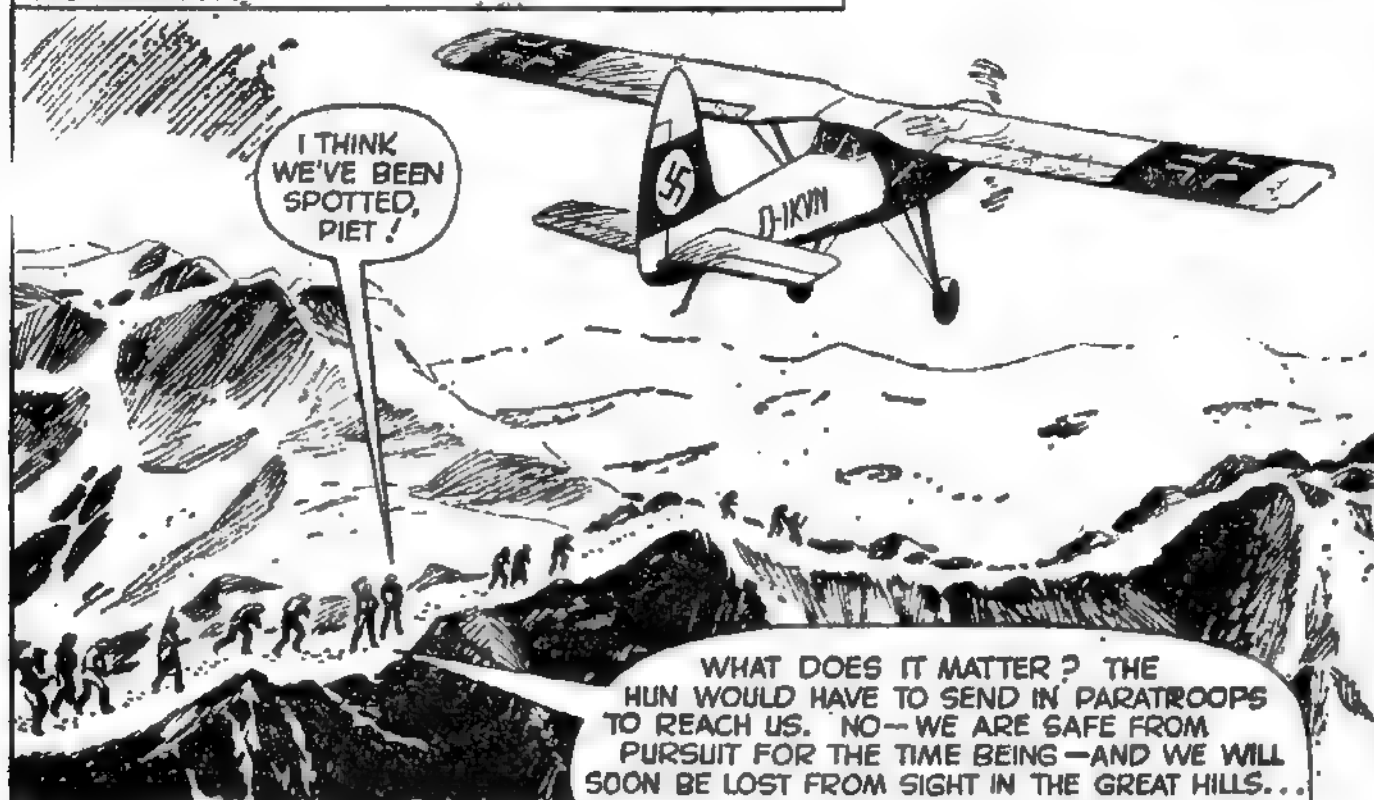


SAFE IN A MOUNTAIN CAVE, WELL HIDDEN FROM THE EYES OF THE GERMAN SPOTTERS, THE COMMANDOS RESTED. AFTER THREE DAYS, PIET REAPPEARED...

... I HAVE BEEN IN TOUCH WITH THE RESISTANCE AT A COASTAL VILLAGE. I THINK WE MAY GET YOU OUT OF NORWAY BY FISHING BOAT— BUT FIRST YOU MUST GET TO THAT VILLAGE. THERE IS ONE POSSIBLE ROUTE WHICH THE GERMANS CANNOT FOLLOW— BUT IT IS DANGEROUS...



THEY SET OUT AT DAWN NEXT DAY—AND BY MIDDAY, HAD CLIMBED HIGH INTO THE NORWEGIAN MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES...



AND SO THE FUGITIVES PRESSED ON TOWARDS THE NORTH, THROUGH HAZARD AFTER HAZARD...



FINALLY, AFTER FOUR DAYS, THEY STOOD ON THE SUMMIT OF A GREAT ESCARPMENT...

WELL, CAPTAIN—THE WORST IS OVER! FROM HERE YOU CAN SEE THE COAST! OUR FISHING PORT IS ONLY TWENTY MILES AWAY THROUGH RELATIVELY EASY COUNTRY—WITH LUCK WE'LL HAVE YOU ABOARD YOUR FISHING BOAT IN TWO DAYS!

THIS IS QUITE A ROUTE—WHEN I GET BACK I'LL BE ABLE TO TELL JANSEN SOMETHING ABOUT NORWAY HE DOESN'T KNOW!

AS THE MEN ATE A HASTY MEAL, PIET AND MIKE RECONNOITRED AHEAD...

YOU MENTIONED THE NAME JANSEN! I KNEW A MAN CALLED JANSEN ONCE—HE WAS ONE OF OUR RESISTANCE LEADERS EARLY IN THE WAR! I REMEMBER HIM WELL BECAUSE HIS CODE NAME WAS CYCLOPS. YOU SEE, HE ONLY HAD ONE EYE. BUT HE WAS CAUGHT BY THE GESTAPO—WE NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN!

WELL, IT'S NOT LIKELY THAT THERE CAN BE TWO JANSENS WITH ONLY ONE EYE—SO YOU MAY BE INTERESTED TO LEARN THAT YOUR CYCLOPS ESCAPED FROM THE GESTAPO AND REACHED ENGLAND! IN FACT, HE WAS MY COMMANDING OFFICER IN THE RAID ON HJØR, FIORD...

PIET TOOK A SURPRISING ATTITUDE TO FAIRWEATHER'S DISCLOSURE...

BUT THIS CANNOT BE, CAPTAIN — I **KNOW** THAT CYCLOPS JANSEN IS STILL IN GESTAPO HANDS — HE IS BEING HELD AS A HOSTAGE!

BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS?

BECAUSE CYCLOPS JANSEN'S FAMILY WERE FORCED TO BETRAY THEIR COUNTRY ON HIS ACCOUNT — HIS BROTHER NILS HAS BECOME ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS QUISLINGS IN OSLO, AND MUST DO AS THE GESTAPO ASK — OR CYCLOPS DIES!

AS THE REST OF THE MEN JOINED THEM AND SET OUT ONCE MORE ON THEIR LONG MARCH TO THE COAST, PIET WENT ON...

WHEN CYCLOPS WAS CAPTURED, HIS BROTHER NILS CAME TO US AND ASKED US TO RESCUE HIM — BUT WE COULD DO NOTHING! NILS BARTERED WITH THE GESTAPO — AND BECAME A QUISLING — SO CYCLOPS MUST STILL BE IN THE HANDS OF THE GESTAPO!

SUDDENLY, A GREAT MANY THINGS BECAME CLEAR TO THE COMMANDO CAPTAIN...

IT MAKES SENSE! THERE'S BEEN SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT JANSEN FROM THE BEGINNING! I KNEW HIS STORY ABOUT SWIMMING THE FRODO COULDN'T BE TRUE — AND NOW THIS CLINCHES IT! HE'S BEEN IN THE HANDS OF THE GESTAPO — HE TURNS UP IN BRITAIN TELLING A FALSE STORY — AND THERE'S A SECURITY LEAKAGE OVER A RAID WHICH HE COMMANDS! YES — HE'S IN THE HANDS OF THE GESTAPO, ALL RIGHT — **AS ONE OF THEIR AGENTS!**



FOR THE NEXT TWENTY FOUR HOURS MIKE AND HIS MEN FOLLOWED PIET AS THEY NEGOTIATED THE LAST FEW MILES OF MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY. AT LAST THEY NEARED THE COAST, AND AT MIDNIGHT THEY WERE CREEPING THROUGH THE DESERTED FISHING VILLAGE WHICH WAS THEIR DESTINATION...

THERE AREN'T MANY GERMANS IN THIS AREA — IT'S TOO FAR NORTH TO BE OF ANY USE TO THEM! BUT WE MUST GO WITH CARE...



BUT THERE WERE NO PATROLS AND NO OPPOSITION — AND SOON THE COMMANDOS WERE ON BOARD THE SMALL BOAT WHICH WAS TO TAKE THEM ACROSS THE NORTH SEA...

WELL, IT'S BEEN A PIECE OF CAKE, SIR — ALL WE'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT NOW ARE U-BOATS!

THAT'S YOUR WORRY, SERGEANT — I WON'T BE COMING!



Lone Commando

MIKE FAIRWEATHER
EXPLAINED EXACTLY
WHAT WAS IN HIS
MIND. . . .

WHEN YOU REACH SCOTLAND, REPORT TO
BRIGADIER JOHNSON. TELL HIM I'VE STAYED
BEHIND TO DO A CERTAIN JOB FOR INTELLIGENCE !
THERE'S BEEN A DEFINITE LEAKAGE OF INFORMATION
ABOUT OUR RAID, AND I THINK I KNOW WHERE IT'S
COME FROM ! ON NO ACCOUNT MUST
MAJOR JANSEN LEARN
WHY I AM STAYING
BEHIND !

VERY WELL,
SIR . . .

THE FISHING BOAT DREW AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS—
AND THE COMMANDO CAPTAIN STOOD WITH THE
RESISTANCE LEADER WATCHING IT GO. . .

THERE GOES
YOUR PASSPORT TO
FREEDOM, CAPTAIN—
YOU MAY NOT GET
ANOTHER SO
EASILY !

I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT,
PIET, WHEN THE TIME COMES !
THE IMPORTANT QUESTION
NOW IS—HOW SOON CAN
YOU GET ME TO
OSLO ?



IN OSLO WERE ALL THE CLUES TO THE MYSTERY OF THE JANSSENS, AND THREE DAYS LATER, CAPTAIN FAIRWEATHER, IN FISHERMAN'S CLOTHES, WAS BOARDING A TRAWLER BOUND FOR THE NORWEGIAN CAPITAL.

SPEAK NO NORWEGIAN AND YOU WILL BE SAFE! THE TRAWLER CAPTAIN IS ONE OF US AND WILL DO HIS BEST TO SEE YOU PAST THE PORT GUARD AT THE OTHER END!

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, PIET—ONE DAY WE WILL MEET AGAIN!

A FEW DAYS LATER, THE BATTERED LITTLE TRAWLER PITCHED SLOWLY IN TOWARDS THE HARBOUR OF OSLO...

ONE OF MY MEN'S SHORE PASSES WILL GET YOU PAST THE SENTRIES AT THE HARBOUR GATES, AND THEN WE WILL GO TO A CERTAIN TAVERN!

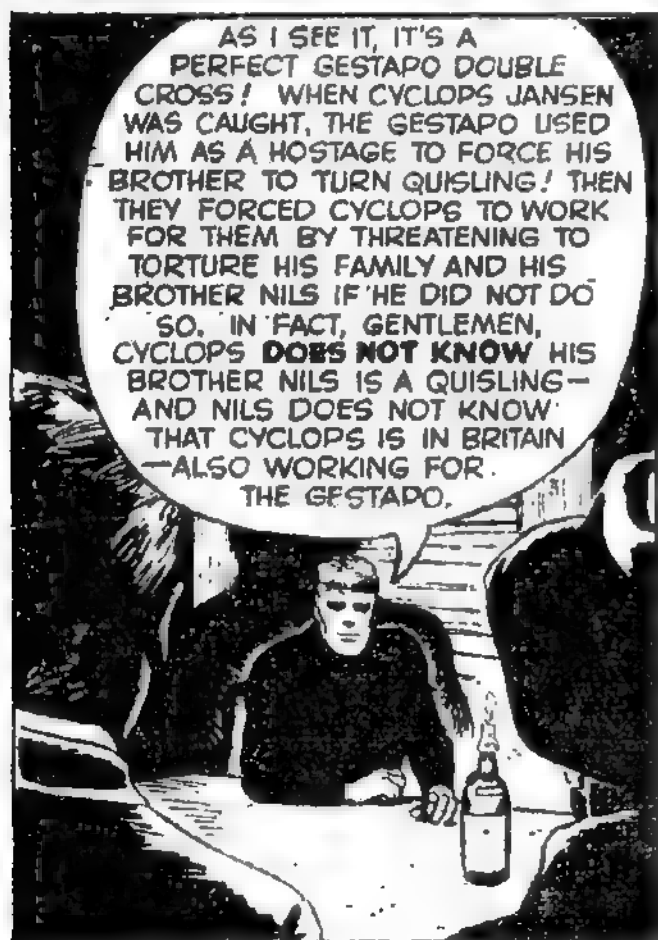
YOU ARE TAKING A TERRIBLE RISK! IF YOU ARE CAUGHT, IT WILL MEAN DEATH! YOU ARE A BRAVE MAN...

LATER, WHEN THE TRAWLER WAS TIED UP ALONGSIDE THE HARBOUR WALL, MIKE WENT ASHORE WITH THE CAPTAIN...AND WALKED CALMLY UP TO THE TWO GERMAN SENTRIES SCRUTINIZING THE PASSES OF ALL WHO LEFT THE DOCKS...

LET THEM THROUGH, FRITZ!



SAFELY OUT OF THE DOCKS, THE CAPTAIN LED FAIRWEATHER TO A SMALL TAVERN, AND IN THE CELLAR HE MET THE LEADERS OF THE LOCAL RESISTANCE GROUP...



NILS JANSEN WAS ONE OF THE MOST HATED MEN IN OSLO. AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR HE HAD BEEN A STAUNCH SUPPORTER OF FREE NORWAY—BUT AFTER THE CAPTURE OF HIS BROTHER HE HAD WORKED HARD FOR THE GERMANS AS THE MANAGER OF A POWER STATION. WITH TWO RESISTANCE MEN, MIKE WENT TO SEE THE NORWEGIAN...

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE —
THEY CANNOT HAVE NEWS
OF MY BROTHER ...!

THESE MEN HAVE
FORCED THEIR WAY
IN, SIR—THEY SAY THEY
HAVE SOME INFORMATION
ABOUT SOMEONE CALLED
'CYCLOPS'...

SHOW THEM IN —
AND LEAVE US
ALONE!



THE THREE GRIM-LOOKING MEN WERE USHERED INTO THE LUXURIOUS OFFICE. JANSEN SAT WATCHING THEM WITH NARROWED EYES, HIS FINGERS HOVERING OVER A BELLPUSH ON THE DESK. SUDDENLY HE SAW HIMSELF GAZING INTO THE MUZZLE OF A REVOLVER...

KEEP YOUR FINGERS AWAY FROM THAT BUTTON, JANSEN! I'M A BRITISH COMMANDO OFFICER—AND THESE MEN ARE RESISTANCE LEADERS! BETRAY US—AND YOU WILL NOT LEAVE HERE ALIVE!

WHAT—!





GAZING SEARCHINGLY AT THE TIGHT-LIPPED MEN WHO STOOD BEFORE HIM, NILS JANSEN REALISED THAT THEY WERE SPEAKING THE TRUTH — AND HE BURIED HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS...

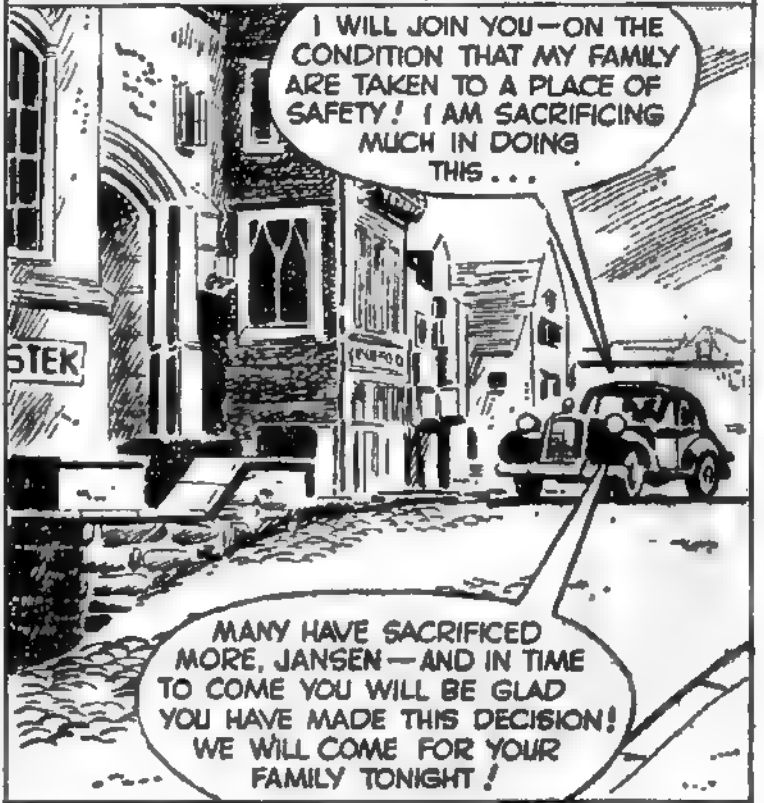


GREY-FACED, NILS JANSEN ROSE TO HIS FEET....

COME, LET US GET AWAY FROM HERE QUICKLY—EVEN NOW MY CLERK MAY BE REPORTING YOUR PRESENCE HERE TO THE GESTAPO!



LEAVING THE POWER STATION BY A BACK ENTRANCE, JANSEN TOOK THEM TO HIS CAR PARKED IN A SIDE STREET. THEY DROVE SLOWLY THROUGH THE DRAB CENTRE OF OSLO, TALKING URGENTLY...



I WILL JOIN YOU—ON THE CONDITION THAT MY FAMILY ARE TAKEN TO A PLACE OF SAFETY! I AM SACRIFICING MUCH IN DOING THIS...

MANY HAVE SACRIFICED MORE, JANSEN—AND IN TIME TO COME YOU WILL BE GLAD YOU HAVE MADE THIS DECISION! WE WILL COME FOR YOUR FAMILY TONIGHT!

DROPPING MIKE AND THE RESISTANCE LEADERS NEAR THE DOCKS, NILS JANSEN DROVE QUICKLY AWAY....



CAN THE LEOPARD CHANGE IT'S SPOTS? IF HE BETRAYS US NOW—

WE'RE TAKING A RISK— BUT NOW THAT HE KNOWS HIS BROTHER IS SAFE, HE'LL HAVE NO REASON TO PARLEY WITH THE GESTAPO! IN FACT, HE'S GOT A LOT TO GET EVEN WITH THEM FOR....

Lone Commando

THAT NIGHT, AS ARRANGED, RESISTANCE MEN WENT TO NILS JANSEN'S HOUSE. THEY WERE STILL READY FOR TREACHERY—BUT NO GESTAPO AWAITED THEM—ONLY NILS, HIS MOTHER AND FATHER, AND UNCLE...



THAT SAME NIGHT, IN A HIDEOUT IN THE MOUNTAINS...



BEFORE NILS RETURNED TO OSLO, LEAVING HIS FAMILY IN THE SAFETY OF THE MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT, HE HAD ONE LAST REQUEST TO MAKE OF FAIRWEATHER...

I AM WRITING THIS LETTER TO MY BROTHER EXPLAINING THAT I HAVE JOINED THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT! I HOPE THAT YOU, CAPTAIN FAIRWEATHER, CAN TAKE IT TO HIM!



IF I AM LUCKY ENOUGH TO REACH MY OWN COUNTRY AGAIN, I WILL DELIVER IT IN PERSON — BE ASSURED OF THAT!

NILS RETURNED TO OSLO AND WENT STRAIGHT TO HIS OFFICE IN THE POWER STATION. THE GESTAPO WERE WAITING FOR HIM...

JANSEN — THE GAME IS UP! IT IS UNLUCKY FOR YOU THAT WE HAD MICROPHONES HIDDEN IN YOUR OFFICE!

YOU CAN TELL US THE NAMES OF YOUR ACCOMPLICES NOW — OR WE WILL EXTRACT THEM FROM YOU BY TORTURE!



WHAT HAPPENS TO ME NOW DOES NOT MATTER...

THE NEWS OF JANSEN'S CAPTURE REACHED THE RESISTANCE—AND ALTHOUGH IT WAS TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING TO SAVE HIM, HIS SABOTAGE PLAN COULD STILL BE CARRIED OUT. TWENTY FOUR HOURS LATER, THE RESISTANCE STRUCK—DEVASTATINGLY.



THE MAIN GENERATORS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED — THE DAMAGE WILL TAKE MONTHS TO REPAIR...

MIKE FAIRWEATHER'S TASK IN OSLO WAS FINISHED. WITH THE HELP OF THE RESISTANCE HE WAS SMUGGLED ACROSS NORWAY TO A SMALL FISHING VILLAGE IN THE NORTH—FROM WHERE HE WAS TO SET SAIL FOR SCOTLAND....



WHEN YOU REACH BRITAIN, AND YOUR MISSION IS COMPLETED, CONTACT THE NORWEGIAN FREEDOM RADIO—AND GET THEM TO BROADCAST THE MESSAGE—'THE HARE HAS LEFT THE MOUNTAINS!' THEN WE WILL KNOW THAT OUR WORK HAS NOT BEEN IN VAIN!

DON'T WORRY, MY FRIEND—I WILL PERSUADE CYCLOPS JANSEN—SOMEHOW!

Chapter 4. THE PRICE OF HONOUR

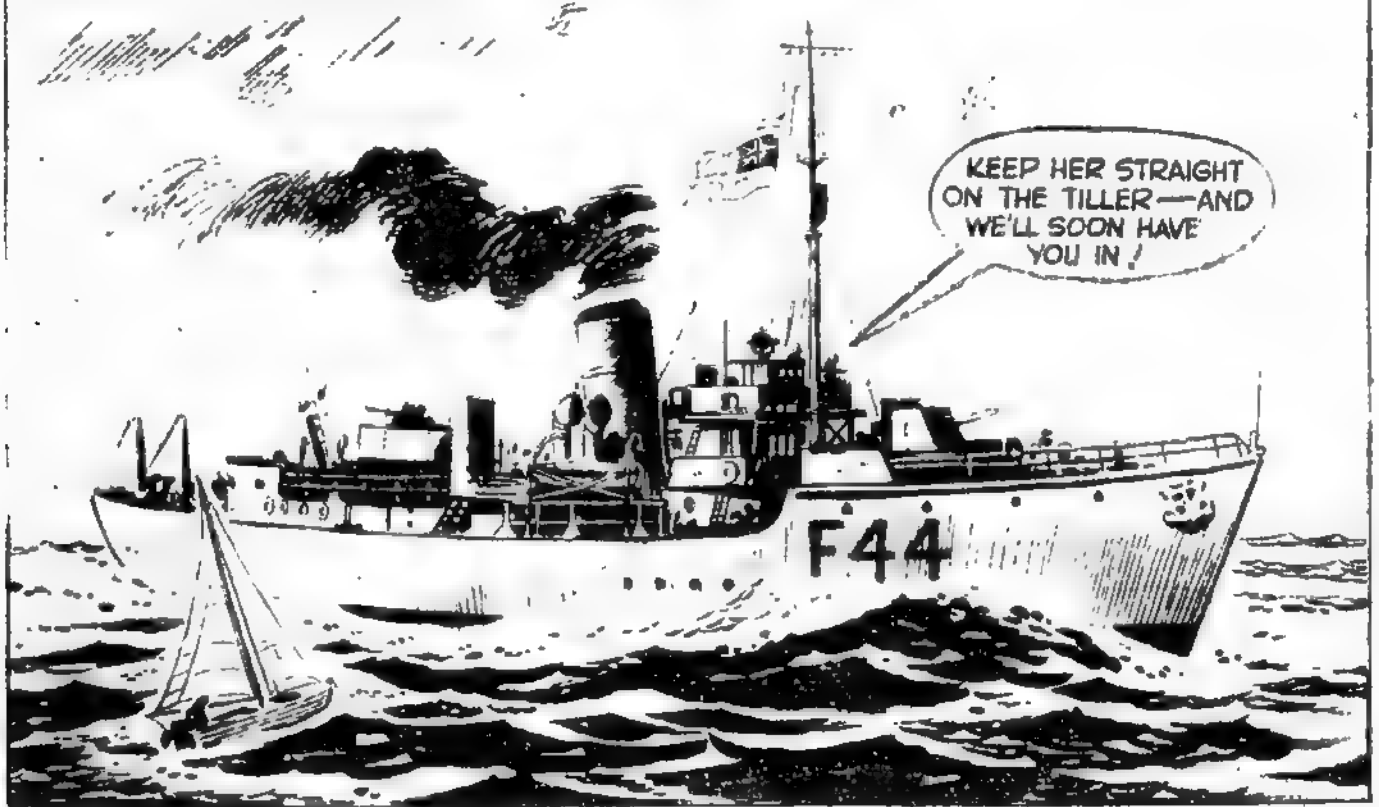
RED-EYED AND DESPERATELY WEARY AFTER THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS AT SEA, MIKE FAIRWEATHER SIGHTED THE THIN GREY LINE THAT WAS THE COAST OF SCOTLAND....



IT WAS A VIGILANT COASTGUARD, SCANNING THE BAY, WHO FIRST SIGHTED THE BOAT...



MIKE WATCHED WITH THANKFUL RELIEF AS A NAVAL CORVETTE SPED TOWARDS HIM.



TAKEN ASHORE, THE EXHAUSTED COMMANDO CAPTAIN SLEPT AS IF DRUGGED IN THE LOCAL POLICE STATION. BRIGADIER JOHNSON WAS CALLED IN TO IDENTIFY HIM.

YES, THAT'S CAPTAIN FAIRWEATHER! WHEN HE AWAKES, TELL HIM TO REPORT TO ME.

VERY GOOD, SIR!



EIGHT HOURS LATER....

I'LL SEND YOU UP TO CAMP IN MY CAR AS SOON AS YOU'VE EATEN YOUR BREAKFAST, CAPTAIN!

THIS IS A BIT TRICKY—I MUST SEE JANSEN ALONE FIRST....

THANKS, INSPECTOR—THIS IS THE FINEST HAM AND EGGS I'VE EVER TASTED.





AT THE MENTION OF HIS OLD RESISTANCE NAME, JANSEN RECOILED AS IF STRUCK BY A WHIP. THEN QUICKLY HE RALLIED, AND GAZED UP INTO THE BLEAK EYES OF HIS SUBORDINATE WITH COLD DEFIANCE...



WELL, WELL — THE WANDERING CAPTAIN! YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN NORWAY, YOU KNOW! YOU REALISE OF COURSE, THAT YOU WILL BE CHARGED WITH DISOBEYING ORDERS...

BEFORE WE TALK ABOUT MY TROUBLES, WE'D BETTER DISCUSS YOURS, MAJOR! THE CHARGE IN YOUR CASE CARRIES A DEATH SENTENCE... **ESPIONAGE!**

BRIEFLY, MIKE FAIRWEATHER TOLD HIS STORY, AND AS IT UNFOLDED, EVERY VESTIGE OF DEFIANCE WAS STRIPPED FROM JANSEN...



YOU SAY MY FAMILY IS SAFE, AND MY BROTHER HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE GESTAPO? WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU OF ALL THIS?

WITHOUT A WORD, MIKE PRODUCED NILS JANSEN'S LETTER TO HIS BROTHER. AS CYCLOPS READ, HIS LAST PRETENCE FELL AWAY...



"SO, BROTHER, OUR FAMILY IS SAFE, I DO NOT THINK I SHALL BE ALIVE TO SEE YOU WHEN ALL THIS IS OVER — BUT I KNOW THAT NOW YOU ARE FREE FROM THE GESTAPO, YOU WILL REINSTATE THE HONOUR OF OUR FAMILY... YOUR BROTHER... NILS."

AFTER A LONG SILENCE, THE NORWEGIAN SPOKE, AND HIS VOICE WAS QUIET AND CALM...

WELL, CAPTAIN FAIRWEATHER, I AM READY — WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT ME?

YOU BETRAYED YOUR COUNTRY AND YOUR OWN MEN, AND YOU TRIED TO KILL A BROTHER OFFICER — FOR IT WAS YOU WHO FLUNG THAT GRENADE AT ME, WASN'T IT? WHATEVER YOUR REASONS FOR DOING THESE THINGS, YOU ARE LIABLE TO PAY THE PENALTY — AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS!

JANSEN LEANED FORWARD URGENTLY...

LISTEN, FAIRWEATHER! I ADMIT EVERYTHING! I WILL UNCOVER THE WHOLE SPY RING WHICH ENTANGLED ME — BUT I ASK ONE THING OF YOU — LET ME GO ON ONE MORE RAID, AND I PROMISE I'LL COME BACK AND STAND MY TRIAL!

HOW DO I KNOW THAT YOU WON'T BETRAY US AGAIN?

THE ANSWER TO THAT IS IN MY BROTHER'S LETTER — WHICH YOU MAY READ, CAPTAIN FAIRWEATHER.

Lone Commando



A FORTHCOMING RAID WAS SO MUCH IN THE SENIOR OFFICER'S MIND THAT HE DID NOT PRESS THE MATTER. HE CALLED JANSEN TO HIS OFFICE.....

GENTLEMEN, WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO RAID A FACTORY IN NORWAY! THIS FACTORY **MUST** BE DESTROYED—IT IS PRODUCING THE 'HEAVY WATER' ESSENTIAL TO THE GERMAN RESEARCH IN NUCLEAR WARFARE. YOU WILL WORK IN CLOSE CO-OPERATION WITH THE NORWEGIAN RESISTANCE...



THE FACTORY IS AT THE END OF THIS FIORD — NESTLING AMONG VERY HIGH AND PRECIPITOUS MOUNTAINS, THE ONLY APPROACH BEING THROUGH A NARROW BOTTLENECK. WHEN YOU LAND, THE RESISTANCE CHAPS WILL GIVE YOU COVERING FIRE SO THAT YOU CAN DEMOLISH ALL THE KEY POINTS WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVES!



JANSEN AND MIKE FAIRWEATHER FORGOT FOR THE PRESENT THE DRAMA IN WHICH THEY WERE INVOLVED, AND INSTEAD CONCENTRATED ON THE COMING DANGEROUS OPERATION.

I KNOW THAT PLACE WELL, FAIRWEATHER! IF WE CAN MANOEUVRE THE LANDING-CRAFT PAST THE NARROW ENTRANCE, WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE. BUT IT'S ALMOST CERTAIN THAT THE JERRIES KEEP A CONTINUOUS WATCH ON IT!

I SUGGEST THAT WE LET THE LANDING-CRAFT TAKE US TO A POINT ABOUT HALF A MILE FROM THE BOTTLENECK—AND THEN GO IN BY RAFT...

GOOD IDEA, CAPTAIN!

TWENTY MEN UNDER FAIRWEATHER AND JANSEN WOULD MAKE THE ATTACK—AND THE NORWEGIAN RESISTANCE WAS IMMEDIATELY INFORMED.

ONLY TWENTY MEN! THAT MEANS WE'LL NEED A BIG FORCE!

AND WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY—IT'S THE TWELFTH, TODAY!

LIEF—LISTEN TO THIS! 'TWENTY BRITISH COMMANDOS WILL ATTACK TARGET ALPHA ON THE NIGHT OF THE FIFTEENTH—NEED COVERING FIRE RESISTANCE—INSTRUCTIONS ON THE NEXT BROADCAST SCHEDULE—CONFIRM...'

IN BRITAIN, THE TWENTY MEN ASSEMBLED FOR BRIEFING BEFORE EMBARKING ON THE DESTROYER THAT WAS TO TAKE THEM TO NORWAY....



THE DESTROYER CARRYING THE COMMANDO FORCE GLIDED SWIFTLY INTO THE DARKENING WATERS OF THE NORTH SEA.



HALF AN HOUR LATER, MIKE FOUND JANSEN PORING OVER THE DIAGRAMS OF THE FACTORY.



Lone Commando

MEANWHILE, CREEPING SILENTLY FROM CRAG TO CRAG, TREADING CAT-FOOTED AS THEY PADDED PAST THE VIGILANT SENTRIES, THE RESISTANCE MEN TOOK THEIR POSITIONS. IF ONE MAN WAS DISCOVERED AT THIS STAGE, THE OPERATION WOULD BE DOOMED. . .



HALF A MILE FROM SHORE, THE LANDING CRAFT HOVE TO IN THE CHOPPY SEAS AND THE COMMANDOS BEGAN THE TRICKY OPERATION OF TAKING TO SEA IN THEIR RUBBER RAFTS, FULLY LADEN WITH ARMS AND EQUIPMENT. . .



AFTER HALF AN HOUR'S STEADY PADDLING THE DIM BLACK MOUTH OF THE FIORD LOOMED AHEAD. THE CRASHING SPRAY GUIDED THE COMMANDOS IN, AS THEY KEPT CLOSE TO THE OVERHANGING CLIFFS.



THE TURBULENT SEA AND THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT CLOAKED THEM AS THEY PASSED SAFELY INTO THE COMPARATIVE CALM OF THE SMALL FIORD.



IT WAS A LONE SENTRY HALF ASLEEP AT HIS POST WHO FIRST SAW THE INVADERS...



THE FIRST WARNING THE RESISTANCE MEN HAD OF THE COMMANDOS' APPROACH WAS THE GUTTURAL SOUNDS OF STARTLED GERMANS AS THEY CALLED OUT THE GUARD AT THE FACTORY...



THE RESISTANCE MEN MOVED FORWARD FROM THEIR POSITIONS, FIRING STEADILY INTO THE DISORGANISED GERMAN GARRISON. THE FIRST MORTAR SHELLS FELL, AS ARRANGED, INTO THE BARBED WIRE PERIMETER OF THE FACTORY FENCE. THE ENEMY WAS CAUGHT UNAWARES...



AS THE DARKNESS CAME ALIVE WITH THE BURSTS OF MORTAR BOMBS AND THE ANGRY TONGUES OF RIFLE AND TOMMY-GUN FIRE, THE COMMANDOS MOVED SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY IN...



OKAY, FAIRWEATHER—HERE WE GO! BEST OF LUCK—AND REMEMBER WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN BUILDING! WE'LL LAY THE OTHER CHARGES FIRST!

RIGHT MAJOR!

BUT ALTHOUGH THE GERMANS SEEMED TO BE DISORGANISED, TWO PLATOONS OF THE GARRISON HAD BROKEN AWAY IN THE DARKNESS AND HAD CREPT ROUND THE FLANK OF THE ATTACKING COMMANDOS. THEY HELD THEIR FIRE UNTIL THE RESISTANCE MEN, WHO IN THEIR ENTHUSIASM HAD MOVED TOO FAR FORWARD WERE ALSO CAUGHT UNAWARES...



THE GERMANS WERE ENTIRELY SURPRISED BY THE VIGOROUS COUNTER-ATTACK, AND RETREATED UP THE HILL INTO THE CRAGS.

LEUTNANT HORSCH! THE TELEPHONE WIRES ARE BROKEN! TAKE MY CAR AND DRIVE TO H.Q. FOR REINFORCEMENTS — BE QUICK! THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE! THESE SCHWEIN WILL DESTROY THE FACTORY!



JANSEN AND FAIRWEATHER, COVERED BY THE FIRE OF THE RESISTANCE MEN, CROSSED THE BROKEN PERIMETER WIRE OF THE FACTORY...



PLACING DEMOLITION CHARGES REQUIRES CONCENTRATION. UNDER SPORADIC FIRE FROM THE GERMANS, JANSEN AND MIKE FAIRWEATHER HAD A NERVE-RACKING TASK. . . .



THE GERMAN TROOPS HAD REORGANISED AND WERE CREEPING SLOWLY BACK AT THE SAME TIME, GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS WERE ON THE WAY. . .



Lone Commando

JANSEN AND FAIRWEATHER, THEIR CHARGES LAID, MET AT THE MAIN PLANT. THE ONLY ENTRANCE WAS AN INSPECTION SHAFT, COVERED BY A HUGE GRID. THE GERMANS WERE NOW RAPIDLY CLOSING IN, DESPITE THE DETERMINED EFFORTS OF THE COMMANDOS AND RESISTANCE MEN...



THE GRID OVER THE SHAFT DISINTEGRATED INTO WHINING FRAGMENTS ON THE EXPLOSION OF THE GRENADE. THE WAY INTO THE VITAL CORE OF THE PLANT WAS OPEN...



JANSEN HOISTED HIMSELF UP INTO THE INSPECTION SHAFT, AND SLID OUT OF SIGHT INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE PLANT. MIKE FAIRWEATHER CROUCHED IN THE SHADOWS CLOSE BY AND SAW HIS SERGEANT RUNNING TOWARDS HIM...



SIR! WE MUST GET OUT! JERRY REINFORCEMENTS ARE ON THE WAY—HALF A DIVISION, I SHOULD SAY! HAVE YOU FINISHED THE JOB?

FOLLOW THE WIRE TO THE DETONATOR AND STAND BY. MAJOR JANSEN HAS GONE IN HERE TO LAY A CHARGE!

A MOMENT LATER, GERMAN TROOP CARRIERS CLATTERED INTO THE FACTORY COURTYARD — THE TIME HAD COME FOR THE COMMANDOS TO GET OUT!



JANSEN — HURRY! JERRY REINFORCEMENTS HAVE ARRIVED!

IN THE HEART OF THE HEAVY WATER PLANT, JANSEN WAS SETTING HIS FUSES...



THERE'S ENOUGH EXPLOSIVE IN THIS LITTLE PACKET TO TURN THE PLANT INTO A VOLCANO! THIS FUSE OUGHT TO BURN FOR FOUR MINUTES.—WHICH GIVES ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET BACK UP THE SHAFT!

THE FUSE SPLUTTERED INTO LIFE--AND JANSEN HURRIED ACROSS TO THE VENTILATOR. BUT AS HIS NAILED BOOTS SLUTHERED VAINLY FOR A HOLD ON THE SLIPPERY METAL SHAFT, HE REALISED THAT HE WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT THE WAY HE HAD COME IN--AND THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY OF ESCAPE...



I'VE HAD IT--
THE SHAFT IS
TOO WIDE FOR ME
TO ELBOW MY WAY
UP--AND IT WOULD
TAKE AT LEAST HALF
AN HOUR TO DO
IT INCH BY
INCH...

THERE WAS ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE LEFT TO JANSEN--AND THAT WAS TO PULL THE FUSE AWAY FROM THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE, AND SO SAVE HIMSELF. BUT THE COURAGE THAT HAD MADE 'CYCLOPS' JANSEN ONE OF THE TOUGHEST RESISTANCE FIGHTERS NOW SHOWED ITSELF--AND, TURNING ON HIS HEEL, HE WALKED AWAY FROM THE VENTILATOR-- BACK TOWARDS THE CENTRE OF THE PLANT...



IT'S A CASE OF
ONE LIFE AGAINST
THE SUCCESS OF THE
MISSION--AND THE
MISSION MUST
SUCCEED AT ALL
COSTS! SO THE
TIME HAS COME TO
PROVE MYSELF
WORTHY OF MY
BROTHER'S
TRUST...

OUTSIDE THE PLANT, MIKE WAITED ANXIOUSLY, HIS HAND ON THE PLUNGER WHICH WOULD DETONATE THE CHARGES PLACED AROUND THE OUTER BUILDINGS...



WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO MAJOR
JANSEN, SIR? HE SHOULD
BE OUT OF THERE BY NOW
--IT'S EXACTLY THIRTY
SECONDS TO HIS OWN
DEADLINE!

HE'S PROBABLY
STRUCK SOME SNAG--
I'LL HOLD IT FOR ANOTHER
FIVE MINUTES...

THE SECOND HAND OF THE WATCH WAS FLICKING PAST THE DEADLINE WHEN SUDDENLY THE GROUND SHOOK AND THE MAIN PLANT ERUPTED INTO A HOLOCAUST OF FLAME....



JANSEN HAD PAID THE ULTIMATE PRICE—AND IN THE SPLIT SECOND OF THIS REALISATION, MIKE FAIRWEATHER KNEW THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING FOR HIM TO DO—OBEY HIS ORDERS TO THE BITTER END...



THE PLUNGER SHAFT SANK INTO ITS BOX—AND GREAT GOUTS OF RUBBLE WERE HURLED INTO THE AIR AS THE SECONDARY CHARGES DETONATED...



AND SO THE OPERATION WAS CARRIED THROUGH. THE COMMANDO FORCE, UNDER MIKE'S LEADERSHIP, RETREATED THROUGH VENGEFUL ENEMY FIRE TOWARDS THE WAITING DESTROYER...



THE FINAL IRONY WAS TO COME ONE WEEK LATER, WHEN BRIGADIER JOHNSON SUMMONED MIKE FAIRWEATHER TO EDINBURGH TO MEET A CIRCLE OF PROMINENT STAFF OFFICERS...



THAT SAME NIGHT, THE VOICE OF THE FREE NORWEGIAN RADIO SENT OUT A STRANGE MESSAGE WHICH WAS UNDERSTOOD ONLY BY THOSE WHO HAD ONCE KNOWN A MAN CALLED 'CYCLOPS'...



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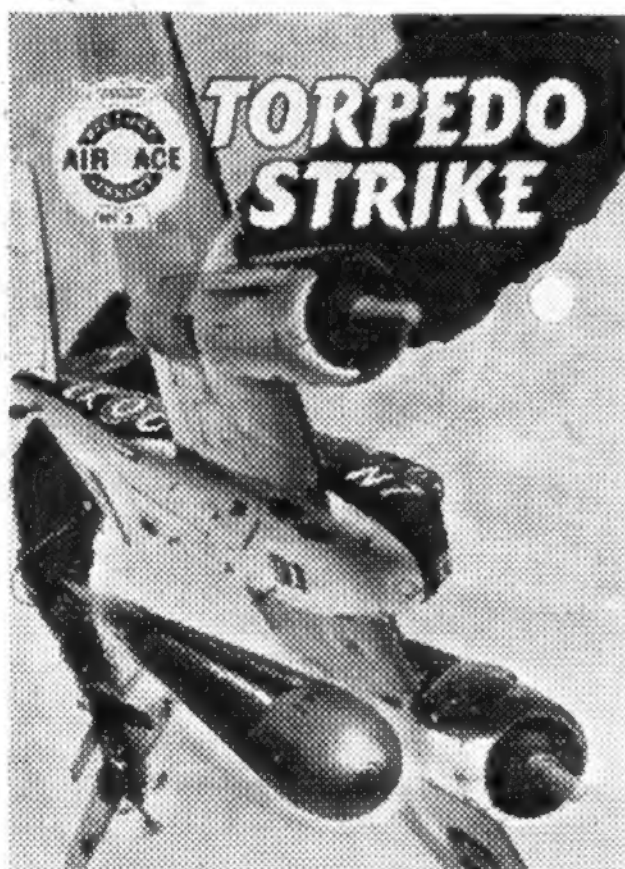
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LOOK OUT! . . . THEY'RE COMING YOUR WAY!

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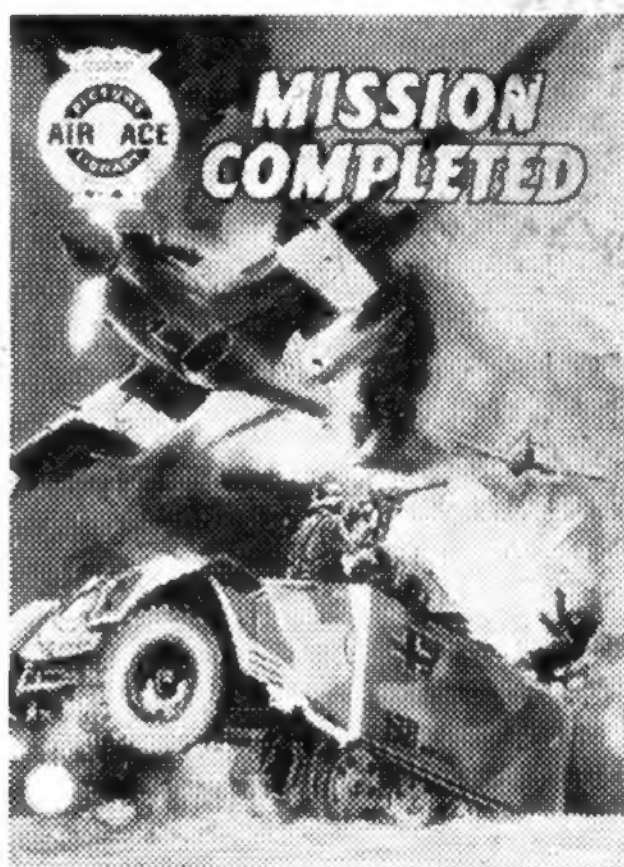
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